**Small Comfort**

*Katha Pollitt*

**Coffee and cigarettes in a clean cafe,  
forsythia lit like a damp match against  
a thundery sky drunk on its own ozone,**

**the laundry cool and crisp and folded away  
again in the lavender closet-too late to find  
comfort enough in such small daily moments**

**of beauty, renewal, calm, too late to imagine  
people would rather be happy than suffering  
and inflicting suffering. We're near the end,**

**but O before the end, as the sparrows wing  
each night to their secret nests in the elm's green dome  
O let the last bus bring**

**love to lover, let the starveling  
dog turn the corner and lope suddenly  
miraculously, down its own street, home.**

from *The New Yorker*

Copyright by Katha Pollitt.  
All rights reserved.  
Reproduced with permission ([*click for permissions information*](https://www.loc.gov/poetry/180/p180-permissions.html#082)).